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OR,
THEATRICAL
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Vol. I.

MR. C. KEMBLE.

'Next follows KEMBLE—'tis a well-known name,
And firmly settled in the rolls of fame;
Just his conceptions—natural and great,
His feelings strong—his words enforc'd with weight.
Yet there's a fault, which stirs the critic's rage,
A want of due attention to the stage,
Which oft makes doubtful (through a lack of care)
His very title to the name of play'r."

To attain excellence in dramatic exhibition, requires *natural abilities*, both for conceiving the various characters, and for communicating the conceptions forcibly and impressively to the spectators, and *art* to improve and regulate the talents bestowed by nature. If this *excellence* were ever to be acquired *solely* by study and classical knowledge, Mr. C. KEMBLE would hold an exalted rank among the best performers of the day. Always strictly correct, his enunciation, his emphasis, and his action, pro-

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claim the scholar, the grammarian, the gentleman—but *not* the actor. Yet, possessing all the other requisites, can we say he is deficient in those for the latter ; he has a fine figure, good voice, handsome countenance—

“ The ladies of the court find him a *fair gentleman*.”
 “ *Fazio*.”

And yet (although art and education have done all for him that they can effect for a human being) a something is still wanting to complete his claim : his performances (*generally* speaking) are not *fully* effective ; they seldom reach the *heart*, nor are they after remembered with any other satisfaction than as the elegant readings of a learned man. There is a certain want of energy in his performances, and an indolent languor often comes over him, which renders him unfit for characters in which the passions have much play. He perfectly comprehends the meaning of his author, but seems more intent on leaving nothing which the head can disapprove, than on presenting any thing which the heart must admire. Thus his spectators quit him dissatisfied they know not why, and while the most fastidious cannot *condemn*, the most candid cannot *admire* to any superlative degree of uncontrollable enthusiasm. But his acting is not devoid of *striking beauties*, and it is totally free from *glaring faults* ; he moves in a kind of superior mediocrity, and always gives the sense, though he may sometimes fail in conveying the spirit of his author.

Mr. KEMBLE excels in three classes of character ;—in the tender lover, like *Romeo*—in the spirited gentlemen of tragedy, such as *Laertes* and *Faulconbridge*—and in a very happy mixture of the occasional debauchee and the gentleman of feeling, as in SHAKESPEARE'S *Cassio*, and *Charles Oakley*, in “ *The Jealous Wife*.” In theatrical love, in that complaining softness with which the fancies of young ladies adorn their heroes, Mr. KEMBLE is certainly the first performer on the stage. To select beauties from his *Romeo*, *Jaffier*, or his *Charles Surface*, would be superfluous ; in those he appears the very character he assumes. To dwell upon the points in his performance of *George Barnwell* would be merely to repeat a thrice-told

talé; we may observe, however, that it is personated with every effective feature of an ingenious mind, imperatively hurried onwards to error, and yet virtuous in repentance; the whole progress of his seduction is marked by an exquisite variety of feeling and pathos, that wholly subdue the audience.

His *Cassio* must certainly be allowed a master-piece. It is one of those exquisite personations which criticism can scarcely do more than record. His drunken scene, with its laughter and devotion, is unrivalled; and till talents of an higher order are liable to eclipse it, this performance must maintain its powerful impression, and decided eminence.

To amuse us, and at the same time to maintain our respect, in intoxication, might be thought an impossibility, if he did not do both in this character. But with all that relaxation of limb, which seems so destructive of gentlemanly appearance, with all that relaxation of countenance, which is the very reverse of sensible expression, with all that gay disdain of common customs and civilities, which wine inspires, he contrives not only to appear respectable, but even to interest our feelings. In *Cassio* his remorse appears so much the stronger, from his inability to rid himself of the debauch which he abhors. There is no actor who imitates this defect with such a total want of affectation; there is a bacchanalian fulness and revelry in it that makes it difficult to believe it unreal. All other performers wish to be humorous drunkards, and by this error they cannot help showing a kind of abstract reasoning, which defeats their purpose. They play a hundred antics with their legs, which a drunkard would be unable to lift; they make a thousand grimaces, which the jaws of a drunkard could not attempt, from mere want of tone; they roll about from place to place, though his whole strength is exerted to command his limbs; they wish, in short, to appear drunk, when the great object of a drunken man is to appear sober. (1)

His *Macduff* is decidedly the best on the stage; but of his *Macbeth* little can be said favourable, in his hands the usurper is a furious demagogue. The ambitious inclina-

(1) Vide HUNT's "Critical Essays."

tion—the checks of his awakening conscience—his madly daring—his fixed resolution to persevere in guilt, and the terrific conclusion of his career, were, in Mr. KEMBLE's personation, all enfeebled or destroyed. He plays *Jaffier* in a style which gives him great superiority over almost every other competitor. His gentleness of affection, indignation at the insult offered to his wife, his trembling anxiety while on the verge of ruin, and his subsequent remorse and mad despair, with the melancholy of his final resignation, were all in unison with the most refined susceptibility of heart.

In the characters of *Castalio*, *Orlando*, *Isilius*, and *Fazio*, he displayed great merit: they were uniformly good throughout, and very chaste and classic personations. Several others of his performances deserve the warmest praise; these are, *Lothario*, and *Lord Hastings*, which we consider excellent likenesses of gay, elegant, dissipated noblemen, who imagine that their rank is a passport for the free indulgence of their vicious passions. The truly natural manner in which he personates the youthful *Norval*, ranks it among the happiest efforts of our first-rate tragedians; and the impetuous and turbulent Northumbrian *Hotspur*, could not have found an abler representative; the abrupt, broken, and fiery exclamations of the lofty spirited nobleman are given with astonishing effect. In this class also must be placed his *Falconbridge*. In his *Edgar* he evinces extraordinary genius and pathos; nothing can be finer than his bursts of tenderness in the scene with the unwitting *Lear*, and the freezing tones of misery in which he utters "*Poor Tom's a cold*," are very effective. The late lamented Mr. RAE, it was said, had made this character his own, but we conceive Mr. KEMBLE's personation, taken as a whole, superior. Of his *Hamlet* we can only say that it was a pretty good performance; the character itself is perhaps the most complex and difficult to personate of any in the whole range of the drama. There certainly were many passages in which his subdued tones and manner well accorded with the character of the scene; but to embody the mixture of philosophy and feeling, of trifling and decision, of love and hatred, of craft and sincerity, of contempt and admiration, of apathy and acute

sensibility, which marks this beautiful and romantic child of SHAKESPEARE'S fancy, requires such great and various qualities, as are very rarely concentrated in one man. There is but one actor at present on the stage in whom this concentration is found, and that is Mr. YOUNG, whose performance of this character will not soon be forgotten.

There are several other characters in which Mr. K. excels; these are *Doricourt*, *Archer*, and the *Stranger*; but the one in which he

“Enacts more wonders than a man,”

is that of *Guido*, in “*Mirandola*.” This, in our opinion, is his *very best* performance; indeed we are utterly at a loss for expressions to describe the masterly manner in which he depicted the various emotions of the character, and worked upon the feelings of the audience. It was a perfect triumph of the art, and contributed principally to the great success of that tragedy. We shall not speedily forget his delivery of one passage in the first interview with his father:—

———“Oh, I will be

As silent as the grave you've dug for me!”

And again, in the parting scene with *Mirandola*, in the fourth act:—

———“Oh, father, I

Am going far—for ever; this cold hand

Which now I stretch abroad towards you—now,

You'll never touch again.”

This was the very perfection of mellifluous, mournful, tenderness. We have room to point out but one more instance of felicitous delivery, which those who heard it will not fail to remember. It was his exclamation to the Duke:—

———“Perhaps I have been warm;

But, no! no!”

The whole performance indeed merited the critics warmest praise, and we really think was faultless. Would Mr. KEMBLE always act in this manner, and call forth all the

powers of his genius into constant play, he would rank among the greatest tragedians of the day; but it appears to us, that in general his unfortunate languor hides his real ability, and that, "like a giant oppressed with sleepiness, he sinks to the level of feebler men."

We are acquainted with but few of the events which have marked the career of Mr. C. KEMBLE, and those few are of so uninteresting and unimportant a nature, as to be scarcely worth repeating. It is, however, in one respect, a pleasing task; for we have no narration of follies or vices to disclose—no feelings to wound, by recalling the remembrance of transactions for which any one need blush; the progress of this gentleman through life has been alike honourable to himself and his profession—worthy, in short, of the name he bears.

Mr. C. KEMBLE is the youngest son of Mr. ROGER KEMBLE, the manager of a provincial company of comedians, and was born on the 25th November, 1775, at Brecknock, in Wales; a town which will ever be celebrated in theatrical annals, as having been likewise the birth place of Mrs. SIDDONS. At the age of thirteen, he was placed by his brother JOHN at the college of Douay, in Flanders, where he remained three years. On his return, he was appointed to a clerkship in the post office, but the duties of this situation being irksome, and salary inconsiderable, he became disgusted with it, and resolved not to

—————"Tie

His every thought down to the desk, and spend
The morning of his life in adding figures,
With accurate monotony."

He accordingly determined to make the STAGE his future profession, to which he was incited by the splendid success which had crowned the attempts of his brother and sister. With little previous preparation, he commenced his theatrical career, in 1792, at Sheffield, as *Orlando*, in "*As You Like it*," with much credit to himself and satisfaction to the audience. He continued to perform at this place, Edinburgh, and Newcastle, for about a year, when, encouraged by his success, he repaired to London, and on

the night of the opening of the new Drury Lane Theatre, on the 21st April, 1794, he appeared in the trifling part of *Malcolm*, in "*Macbeth*." He, however, soon rose to be the representative of parts of somewhat more importance; such as *Papillon*; in "*The Liar*," *George Barnwell*, &c. and his personification of *Alonso* in "*Pizzaro*," again added to his professional reputation. His rapid improvement induced Mr. COLMAN to engage him at the Haymarket, where, on the 16th of July, 1800, he produced, in three acts, a play, called the "*Point of Honour*," translated from "*Le Déserteur*," of MERCIER. It was well received, and is still occasionally performed; it contains some well contrived and interesting incidents, and the language is correct and elegant. In 1802, the bad state of his health, which nearly deprived him of his voice, compelled him to relinquish his situations at Drury Lane and the Haymarket, and take a trip to the continent. On his return, in 1803, he entered into an engagement with the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, of which house his brother JOHN had become acting manager, where, with the exception of one or two trifling intermissions, he has remained to the present time, sustaining a variety of characters in the highest walks of the drama.

Besides the "*Point of Honour*," before mentioned, Mr. C. KEMBLE is the author of the following dramatic works, all of which have been performed:—

1st. "*THE WANDERER, or the Rights of Hospitality*," an historical drama, in three acts, translated from the "*Edward in Schottland*" of KOTZEBUE, and produced at the Covent Garden Theatre, the 12th January, 1808, where it met with some success.

2d. "*PLOT and COUNTERPLOT, or the Portrait of Cervantes*," a farce, produced at the Haymarket Theatre, 30th June, 1808. This is a very amusing production, and is still frequently performed. It is translated from the French piece of Mons. DIEULAFOY of the same name.

3d. "*KAMSCHATKA, or the Slave's Tribute*," a drama, in three acts, from the German of KOTZEBUE, produced at Covent Garden Theatre, 16th October, 1811, where it lingered through four or five nights, and then quietly expired.

4th. "*The Child of Chance*," a farce, in two acts, 1812, only performed three times.

5th. "*The Brazen Bust*," melo-drama, translated from the French, 1813, performed three times.

FLORES HISTRIONICÆ.

No. I.

By THOS. HALL, ESQ.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Scene a Turret.

Hero. The night is lovely—rises the chaste moon
 Resplendent in her full ; like a virgin bride
 Clad in her snow white splendour.—Dian, hail !—
 Oh, how thy silver orb rolls o'er the sky—
 The pale blue sky, and what a train
 Of vestal stars encompass thee. The broad
 And glassy bosom of the Hellespont
 Reflects thy glories numberless. My love,
 My ever true *Leander*, will this night
 Cut with his lusty arms thy lucid wave ;—
 But what was that ?—methought a gentle breeze,
 Soft as *Leander's* sigh, assail'd me. Oh, how sweet,
 How perfumed is the air ; the myrtle green,
 And the white jessamine, the balmy lime
 Exhale their fragrance now ; the night air sure
 Is chilly—yes, it rises fast ;—there is
 A shivering wind.—Oh, had I faith in dreams,
 I should believe that some misfortune hung
 Impending o'er my head ; for when I bent
 My head last night to sleep, a hovering form
 Flitted for ever round me like *Leander*,
 But, oh ! much paler, and a clasping shroud
 Enveloped his fine limbs, beneath whose fold

The fat and greasy grave-worm slowly crawled,
As though in wantonness.

—————How sudden dark it is !

The night is overcast, a storm floats on
The mountain's tops, it spreads its shrouding veil
O'er the moon's radiance, and rides upon
The all-covering wings of darkness.—Hark, it sweeps
Along the shore—nought can withstand its force ;
The blue fire flashes from the rifted clouds—
The thunder rolls in awful distant peals.
I'll fire the watch-light, it may warn him back.—
How the flame flutters now before the blast ;
He surely would not tempt the sea this night !
He never—yet he might—I'll brave the storm
And all its horrors ; here I'll sit and watch
Till the grey dawn appears.—
Now all its rage descends—it swells, it roars ;
The torrent roars.—Ha ! see a wickered ship,
Shown by the frequent flashes, struggles hard
With the tempestuous sea ;—they make the shore ;
The glaring sky shows all the horrors which
Now crowd around them.—Still they make for shore.
With what a look of grim despair they gaze
On certain death, nor mark the eddying whirl
Nor jutting breakers.—Oh protect them, gods !
The thunder bursts—the billows roar aloud ;
She strikes—she sinks—oh, mercy, mercy, heavens !
Heard ye that scream, that, bubbling from the wave,
Rose shrill above the tempest ? 'twas the last shriek
Of death—of mortal agony !—
Oh, how tumultuous is the ocean's breast,
The waves are dashing 'gainst the turret's sides.—
But what is that upon the lonely beach,
I just discern, faintly shadowed out
By the pale beam of the moon, passing through
A thin rob'd cloud ?—It is a human form—
It moves ;—no, it is but the heaving tide
That lifts it. What do I see ?—That flash
Marked out pale features ;—yet I know them.—Ha !
No ;—yet another confirmation.—Ha,
Dreadful !—It is *Leander's* !—Oh, ye gods !

My dream was but too true.—Again, that face !—
Death—oh, how pale !—It must be—I will soon,
Soon, soon be satisfied !— [Leaps down.
Manchester, Oct. 3, 1821.

THE DRAMATIST.

No. I.

By G. CREED.

“ To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o’er each scene, and be what they behold ;
For this the TRAGIC MUSE first trod the stage.”—

THROUGHOUT the whole circle of human inventions and institutions, there is no one (generally speaking) that would contribute more immediately, or more effectually, to improve the manners and reform the minds of society, than that of theatrical performances, if *properly* managed and cultivated. To the unbiassed mind, which views the DRAMA in this light, the advantages which might and do result from it must be obvious. By operating on the passions of the human frame, the stage possesses a virtue peculiar to itself ; for while the eye beholds, and pity sheds the sacred tear, for the miseries of the friendless orphan, or the pangs of a dying sinner, the wretchedness of the one, or the misery of the other, passes not unheeded by the virtuous and feeling heart ; but, by operating on the tender passions, produces an effect far more certain and efficacious than the most learned discourses that ever issued from the pulpit of eloquence and learning. Against the encroachments of vice and folly, the institution of the drama is one of the most effectual barriers that could pos-

sibly have been invented by the fertile genius of man ; it excites the spectator to deeds of humanity and goodness—it arouses slumbering virtue from her lethargy, and restores the *misled* (yet not *entirely vicious*) mind, to happiness, peace, and the probity it had forsaken.

That at no period since the introduction of dramatic exhibitions, has the stage been brought to such perfection as at present, must be allowed by all, and yet, beholding the contemptible productions which are nightly suffered to make their appearance, we might be apt to imagine that the stage was degenerated to the lowest state of barbarism and ignorance. When we behold the great assemblage of varied talent, which is concentrated in our two great national theatres—when we behold the names of KEAN, MACREADY, YOUNG, and KEMBLE grace the performances of the present day, we are lost in wonder at the trifling, foolish productions which are suffered to appear upon the stage, and usurp the place of the legitimate drama. Instead of reviewing, with care and attention, the various pieces which are laid before them, and making their selection with taste and discrimination, the managers now leave the choice to the determination of *chance*, or that of *biassed friendship*. This, in a great measure, is the cause of the degeneracy of the stage. But that there are some exceptions, some great exceptions, justice must allow, which, without doubt, reflect honour on those concerned, and deserve the highest praise. Yet, when we see immense sums lavished on the forwarding and producing a “*new grand melodrame*,” or a “*splendid Harlequinade*,” exhibitions which are an insult to decency and common sense, then ought we to raise the lash of criticism, and unsparingly apply it to the inventors and producers of such gross absurdities !

Are we to suppose that dramatic genius is lost ?—No : many of the plays and pieces that have of late years been produced have had genius, wit, and interest to recommend them, and have, in some measure, shown that the talent for the drama have not entirely left us. (1) But the *gene-*

(1) For examples, take *Manual*, *Bertram*, *Fredolfo*, *Mirandola*, *Conscience*, *Apostate*, and many others ; pieces which hardly any other theatre in Europe can equal.

rality of the productions that have been brought forward, are, for the most part, dull in the extreme, with nothing but a grand display in the last scene to ensure their favourable reception; yet we are daily "*most respectfully informed*" that these pieces "*are nightly received with the most unbounded and enthusiastic shouts, and torrents of approbation and applause.*" This is certainly disgraceful, and I think I need not attempt to quote any other authority than the play-bills themselves to show the degenerated state of the drama. (1)

CUSTOM has so authorized the production of pantomimes once a year, that any attempt to abolish the practice would be nearly as futile and ineffectual as to strive to change the stars in their courses; I shall therefore forbear enlarging on that subject, at least for the present; but not without remarking that they are disgusting, disgraceful representations, at least in what is styled "*The High Court of the Drama.*"

At the principal French theatres, the bare mention of the introduction of a *melodrame* or a *pantomime* would

(1) The following *jeu de mots* was actually given to the world a season or two ago. It is really delightful to think of the extent of the genius which could furnish the town with such fine writing. Such inspirations undoubtedly deserve immortality! We may say that the whole art of puffing is now perfected.

"The grand romance of '*Lodoiska*,'

On its revival,

Again produced the most electrical effect.

The beauty of the music—

The gorgeous magnificence

Of the pageant, and

The awful sublimity of the conflagration,

Excited the admiration

Of the audience, who

Testified their delight

In loud and continued shouts

Of applause!!"

create disgust; why then (let me ask) should such unmeaning productions be allowed to find their way to the BRITISH STAGE, and reign there unmolested and undisturbed? After having received an evening's intellectual treat, by witnessing the performances of Mr. KEAN, Mr. MACREADY, or Mr. YOUNG, all our serious and pleasing thoughts are dissipated by the frivolous exhibitions of "*Undine*," "*Blue Beard*," "*Geraldi Duval*," or "*Giovanni in London*." We laugh, because the foolery and outrage upon common-sense excites our risibility, but we are astonished afterwards that we could for a moment smile at what our better judgment must utterly condemn.

Oct. 9, 1821.

SHAKSPEARE SERMONS.

To the Editor of "The Drama."

SIR,

I was the other day looking over No. I. of "*The Reflector*," a periodical work once edited by Mr. LEIGH HUNT, but long since discontinued, and was particularly pleased with an article under the above head; thinking that it would occupy, without disadvantage, a place in "*THE DRAMA*," I have extracted it that your readers may share in the pleasure I have experienced from its perusal. The sermon is conveyed to the editor by a friend of the preacher, who represents the latter to be so enthusiastic an admirer of SHAKSPEARE, that the works of the poet might be literally said to be his bible. "Not," continues his friend, anxious to guard him against a charge of irreligion, "not that he is unacquainted with any better bible, or has no religious feeling: he venerates the sacred volume, as the immediate inspiration of heaven, and respects our common English translation of it, for the antiquity and beautiful simplicity of its phraseology; it was rendered, he says, by SHAKSPEARE's contemporaries, and he has not

unfrequently gathered from the language of that translation, an insight into the meaning of his favourite poet, whom, with all possible respect to the holy penmen, he presumes to call an inspired writer too." The writer then goes on to say, "the other night, at a club to which we both belong, I saw my friend enter the room, with his head and coat-pocket full of something, and, after supper, he disburthened the latter of a manuscript, and the former of the following speech :—' Gentlemen, you know my veneration for the great poet, whose bust surmounts the mantle-piece of our club-room, and to whose immortal memory, we, on every 23d day of April, drink sack upon our knees, out of a piece of his mulberry tree, hollowed into a cup ; and you will not be surprised at the communication I now make to you. I was thinking, the other evening, that next to the sacred volume, SHAKSPEARE may be said to be the *Bible of England* ; that we have as complete a concordance to his works as we have to the bible ; that we have almost as many useless commentators and fiery polemics on the one book as the other, and that nothing is wanting to complete the resemblance which has been so presumptuously endeavoured to be effected between them, but that sermons should be preached out of SHAKSPEARE. Big with this idea, I sat down and wrote the short discourse, which I shall now take the liberty of submitting to your consideration : its text is a comic passage of our poet ; but I am persuaded, that in the same manner that Mrs. MONTAGUE considers ' SHAKSPEARE, not only a poet, but one of the greatest moral philosophers that ever lived,' and that Mrs. GRIFFITH, after her, calls him, ' not only her poet, but her philosopher also,' and has filled a thick octavo volume with his morality, so, at least, moral if not religious sermons might be with advantage preached from him, and if I had not thought it more congenial to this room and this hour to commence my design, by enlarging on a passage of his humour, I should hence endeavoured to prove my assertion, by writing a grave moral essay on a passage of his sublime or pathetic. I reserve this task for some future occasion, and proceed without further suspense to my SHAKSPEARE Sermon.

THE SERMON.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, ACT IV. SCENE 2.

"But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."

The sublimity and fancy of SHAKSPEARE will never fail to elevate and dazzle the reader; but what he will dwell upon with the greatest fondness, and recur to with the most undiminished delight, is the comic humour of the poet; and, perhaps, there is no passage throughout his works, the humour of which may be more dilated, or set in a greater variety of lights than that of my text: the game which is here started it will not be easy to run down. "Come," then, my hearers, we will "go and kill us venison." ("As You Like it," the second and first.) "But, my masters, remember that *I am an ass*; though it be not written down, yet forget not that *I am an ass*." You all know that these are the words of *Dogberry*, one of the constables of the night, who take up and examine *Conrade* and *Borachio*, in the comedy of "*Much Ado about Nothing*." The ignorant self-importance of the constables cannot fail to inspire the prisoners with contempt, and *Conrade* does not hesitate to call *Dogberry* an ass. *Dogberry*, proud *Dogberry*, "dressed in a little brief authority," ("*Measure for Measure*," the second and second,) intoxicated with "the insolence of office," ("*Hamlet*," the third and first,) conceives *Conrade's* contempt for the administrator of justice to be his worst offence against her; but expresses his keen regret that his fellow-constable, who took down the charges against the prisoners, has just left the prison, with the book in which he wrote them: "Oh that he were here," he exclaims, "to write me down an ass!" and then adds, in the words of the text, "But, masters, remember that *I am an ass*; though it be not written down, yet forget not that *I am an ass*." By the word *ass*, SHAKSPEARE intends, as does common parlance to the present day, *fool*; so in the "*Tempest*," the fifth and first, "What a thrice-double *ass* was I to take this drunkard for a god." Again, in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," the second and second, "*Page is an ass*, a se-

cure *ass*." And again, in "*Twelfth Night*," the second and third, *Sir Toby Belch* says to the *Clown*, or fool, "Welcome, *ass*, now let's have a catch." And again, in "*Measure for Measure*," the fifth and first, "You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, and an *ass*!" And again, in "*All's Well that Ends Well*," the fourth and third, "And it shall come to pass that every braggart shall be found an *ass*." And so in innumerable other places.—"But, masters, remember that I am an *ass*; though it be not written down, yet forget not that *I am an ass*." The humour of this exquisite passage is threefold:—I. The humour of making a man call himself an *ass*, when he means to say only that another man has so nicknamed him; "Remember that *I am an ass*." II. The humour of making one man desire another to *bear it in his mind* that he is an *ass*. "Remember that I am an *ass*." And III. The humour of the idea, that though it may not appear as matter of record, the man is not the less an *ass*. "*Though it be not written down*, forget not that I am an *ass*." May some portion of the "spirit" of SHAKSPEARE "reign in our bosoms," (Second of "*King Henry IV.*" the first and first,) while we thus attempt to illustrate his humour!

I. We are to consider "the humour of making a man call himself an *ass*, when he means to say only that another man has so nicknamed him." SHAKSPEARE does not make *Dogberry* say, "*you called me an ass*," or "*I am, in your opinion, an ass*," but "*I am an ass*;" thus making the constable assent to the aspersion of his traducer, even when he intended to combat it the most violently, and to revenge it the most signally. *Dogberry* does not utter this in an ironical tone, as much as to say, "*I am an ass, am I?*" we shall soon see which has the longest ears; the pillory shall stretch yours!" No: *Dogberry* is firmly convinced that nothing but its being "remembered in *Conrade's* punishment" can exonerate him from the imputation which has been cast upon him, and that, till that punishment has proved it otherwise, he really is an *ass*, since he has been so called; he repeats his conviction to this effect twice; "remember that *I am an ass*; forget not that *I am an ass*." As if he had said, "You have called

me an ass, and though, in point of fact, 'I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him,' yet, since I have been so called, an ass I must be, till the law, by punishing you for the aspersion, says I am none." And this leads us;

II. To consider "the humour of making one man desire another to *bear it in his mind* that he is an ass;" as if, in the case of *Dogberry*, a person who had once heard his loquacious *malaprops*, and attributed them to that conceited ignorance from which they sprang, could ever forget that he was an ass. *Dogberry* now says, "Though 'I am a wise fellow,' and so on, and *that* you must have discovered by my conversation, yet you have called me an ass: there is nothing in my conduct that could warrant such an aspersion; but, in point of fact, you have cast it upon me. When we meet again, you may wish to retract, or to forget, your slander; and forget you easily may, for the same sensible demeanour which I have evinced to-night I shall preserve then, and thus there will be nothing on my part to put you in mind that I am an ass, provided you do not wish to renew the imputation: but I will not suffer you to forget it; I will continually remind you of it, I will entreat your judge to "remember it in your punishment;" for, I am determined that, as there is no pretence for calling me an ass, I will not be so called; '*remember that I am an ass.*'" It is impossible here not to admire the admirable skill of the poet, who has thus ambiguously made *Dogberry* accuse himself in the mind of the reader, whilst he thinks he is defending himself in the mind of his interlocutors, and that by desiring the latter to remember, as a foul aspersion, what the former will never forget is the real truth. But our time flies, and we must hasten to consider,

III. The humour of the idea, that, "though it may not appear as matter of record, the man is not the less an ass." The ideas of *Dogberry* flow thus: "Though, from the circumstance of my fellow-constable's having left the pri-

son, with the book in which the charge against you is contained, your present opprobrious aspersion of my character cannot be 'written down,' yet that shall not save you from the added punishment, which impends over your head on account of the aspersion ; and though it is not at present under 'white and black' that I am an ass, it shall 'not be forgotten to be specified when time and place shall serve,' and, in the meantime, shall be written on 'the tablets of our memory,' ("*Hamlet*," the first and fifth,) I will do my best to remember it myself, and to remind you of it by telling you, in so many words, that I am an ass, however my conduct may fail to recal to you the circumstance. To prevent all accidents, though, I will take care to have it specified as a distinct charge against you, 'when time and place shall serve;' but, 'O !'" he exclaims, as he leaves the prison, "O, that I had been *writ down an ass !*" SHAKESPEARE doubtless intended, by using the phrase, "*Though it be not written down, remember*," and so on, to allude to the laws of England, the *lex non scripta*, or unwritten law, being that of equal force with the *lex scripta*, or written law ; and it will be found that between these laws and the charges against *Conrade* and *Borachio*, there is the most striking resemblance. The charge against them of "calling *Don John* a villain, after receiving a thousand ducats to accuse the *Lady Hero* wrongfully, so that *Claudio* might disgrace her before the whole assembly, and not marry her," had been taken down by *Dogberry's* fellow-constable, and was the *lex scripta*; the charge against them for calling *Dogberry* an ass, had not been "written down," and constituted the *lex non scripta*, which, as Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE tells us, *memoria retinebat*, was "remembered," and not "written down" "till time and place should serve," when it was recorded by the decisions of courts of justice, and always "remembered in punishment."—"Though it be not written down, forget not that I am an ass." Improve the subject—1. By considering how many people there are in the world, whose conversation continually says, "I am an ass ; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass ;" and how much more they would show their self-knowledge, were they now

and then to confess this in these terms—not how much more they would convince us of the truth of it! Does any man talk to me “like a waiting gentlewoman, of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!) and tell me that the sovereign’st thing on earth is parmaciti for an inward bruise,” &c. &c. (First of “*King Henry IV.*” the first and third,) I say to myself, poor fool, you are only saying, “remember that I am an ass.” Does any fop agree with me, in the same breath, that the weather is both “indifferently cold,” and “exceedingly sultry,” (“*Hamlet*,” the fifth and second.) “though it be not written down, I do not forget that he is an ass.” 2. Let us improve this subject, by reflecting, secondly, how many people would express themselves truly by adopting the stultification which another has put upon them, as a preparatory step to its refutation, and by saying, with *Dogberry*, “I am an ass.” How many more libelled men would come into court with the truth on their side, if they entered it, repeating the very words which they are pleased to call libellous—“I am a knave, I am a liar, I am an incendiary.” 3. *Dogberry* is a constable, or petty magistrate, and in him SHAKESPEARE doubtless meant to represent the character of that class of men in general, who were at once ignorant and conceited. Oh, that they had all the self-knowledge to confess with *Dogberry*, “I am an ass.” In many, nothing has been seen but the lion’s skin: “robes and furred gowns hide all,” (“*King Lear*,” the fourth and sixth.) *Dogberry* “hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.” Well might the poet make *Touchstone* disdain the appellation of ass, till he was rich enough to support the character with credit: “Call me not fool,” said he, “till heaven hath sent me fortune.” (“*As You Like it*,” the second and seventh.)

To conclude, the subject ought to teach us diffidence. Let us not, by talking upon subjects which we do not understand, or by talking without deliberation upon those which we do, give opportunity to any one to say of us, “You are an ass; though it be not written down, I will not forget it.” The subject ought to teach us candour and self-knowledge.

Should our tongues thus outstrip our judgments, let us confess at once, with *Dogberry*, "I am an ass;" "so shall our anticipation prevent in others discovery," ("*Hamlet*," the second and second,) and let us beg "that it may be remembered in our punishment." Thus shall each of us, like *Proteus*, ("*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," the second and fourth, towards the beginning,)

"Make use and fair advantage of his days.
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

Such, my dear Mr. DRAMA, is this "SHAKSPEARE Sermon," and it would be libelling your judgment to suppose that it has not tended to your edification and amusement. It ought perhaps to have been noticed before, that our dramatic sermonist, in the course of his discourse, takes the liberty to burlesque the cant of the Methodist preachers, "who connect passages of scripture which have no relevancy, wire-draw their texts till they have no meaning at all, and find out meanings in them which were never meant." I am not without hope that the insertion of this article will induce some one of your many clever correspondents, who may feel himself endued with a kindred spirit to that of the above writer, to continue the *Shakspeare Sermons* in your elegant little work. Let such an one, if he feel diffident about entering upon this delicious task, encourage and console himself with the reflection, that "the name of SHAKSPEARE sanctifies, in some measure, the attempt of whatever author seeks sanction under it, and however numerous and dissimilar the liberties which have been at one time or other taken with him, no writer has altogether used his name in vain." (1)

I am, Mr. EDITOR,

Yours, very truly,

J. W. DALBY.

(1) Octavius Gilchrist.

A FEW MORE WORDS
ON FEMALE ACTORS.

MR. DRAMA,

SOON after the restoration of King CHARLES the Second (in 1660), the stage arrived at its greatest degree of brilliancy and magnificence. Under the care of Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT (1) it grew into its present form. It is to him we are indebted for our first regular theatre, for magnificence of scenery, improvement of dress, addition of musical compositions, and the graceful propriety of representing female characters by female performers. But this elegant improvement was the cause of much obscenity and immorality. It is not to be wondered at that the courts of so gay and dissipated a monarch as CHARLES should be dissolute; and it would be wonderful if the stage, supported by such a court, should have been otherwise. An obscene jest, or a double entendre, which would have lost half its poignancy from the mouth of a young man or boy in petticoats, was highly relished when spoken by a beautiful woman. A female, gay, loose, and wanton, represented by a beardless boy, would have been a character not likely to be well received; but when filled by a young and handsome woman, desiring and desirable herself (it may be, too, the very original from whence the poet, in the warmth of his fancy, perhaps a little heated by love, drew the glowing picture), the odiousness of the representation was wiped off, and vice was rendered amiable, and she herself became the object of impure desires. Thus we find CHARLES was so irresistibly charmed with NELL GWYNN, in some such character, that he carried her off, like Jove, the mighty ravisher of Olympus, in her stage clothes. In the days of innocence, Eve, seduced, became herself a seducer. Many of the women players became abandoned. This drew reflections upon the theatre itself, and COLLIER re-

(1) Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT was born in 1605, at Oxford. He died April 17th, 1668, and lies buried at Westminster Abbey.

vived the attack which had formerly been made by the puritans on stage exhibitions, and he was for demolishing the stage altogether, though it must be allowed that there are many plays (and all might be such) which instruct as well as divert the spectator.

The stage affords amusement for the idle, and relaxation for the man of business, who, were they deprived of such diversions, might seek less innocent ones. It must be acknowledged that COLLIER's chastisement was attended with good effects. Succeeding writers grew more guarded, and it is rather now to be feared that the stage is chastened into the other extreme of sentimental insipidity. As for the actresses since the days of COLLIER, many have been admirable patterns for their sex; and as for the present performers, we must in justice say, that, in general, they lead as virtuous and sober lives as we can ever expect players to do.

I am, sir, &c.

Oct. 21, 1821.

JOHN TERBIT.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTA.

"I still proceed,
And pick up something daily."

Iron Chest, l. 2.

29.—THE DEVIL IN THE THEATRE.

THE belief in the possibility of a supernatural appearance on the stage existed about the beginning of the last century, even in London, where, at this moment, it is not wholly extinguished. In the "*Sorcerer*," a celebrated pantomime produced by RICH, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, a dance of infernals was exhibited. They were represented in dresses of black and red, with fiery eyes and snaky locks, and garnished with every appendage of horror. They were twelve in number. In the middle of their performance, while intent upon the figure in which they had been completely practised, an actor of some humour, who had been accommodated with a spare dress, appeared among them. He

was, if possible, more terrific than the rest, and seemed to the beholders as designed by the conductor for the principal fiend. His fellow furies took the alarm; they knew he did not belong to them, and they judged him an infernal in earnest. Their fears were excited; a general panic ensued, and the whole groupe fled different ways; some to their dressing rooms, and others, through the streets, to their own homes, in order to avoid the destruction which they believed to be coming upon them, for the profane mockery they had been guilty of. The ODD DEVIL was *non inventus*. He took himself invisibly away, through fears of another kind. He was, however, seen by many, in imagination, to fly through the roof of the house, and they fancied themselves almost suffocated by the stench he had left behind. The confusion of the audience is scarcely to be described. They retired to their families, informing them of this supposed appearance of the devil, with many of his additional frolics in the exploit. So thoroughly was its reality believed that every official assurance which could be made the following day did not entirely counteract the idea. This explanation was given by RICH himself, in the presence of his friend BENCRAFT, the contriver, and perhaps the actor, of the scheme, which he designed only as an innocent frolic, to confuse the dancers, without advertising to the serious consequences which succeeded.

I have met with another author, who, in giving an account of this transaction places it at a much earlier period, and says it was during the performance of "*Dr. Faustus*," and that when the devil took flight he carried away with him the roof of the theatre. This story may be alluded to in a very curious work entitled "*The Blacke Booke* [a proper depository!] London, printed in black letter, by T. C. for Jeffery Chorlton, 1604." "*The light burning serjant Lucifer*," says of one, running away through fear of fire at a brothel, "*hee had a head of hayre like one of my divells in Doctor Faustus, when the olde theatre craht and frighted the audience.*"

The French have among them a somewhat similar fable. JEAN JAKUES ROSSEAU, in his "*Ceuvres Diverses*," Amst. 1761, vol. ii. p. 186, relates it thus, according to my translation.

"I have in my youth read a tragedy called '*The Slave*,' in which the devil was represented by one of the actors. The piece was once performed, as I was informed, when this personage, coming on the stage, found himself in company with a second devil, the original, who, as if jealous of the audacity of the counterfeit, appeared in *propria persona*, frightened all the people out of the house, and put an end to the representation." (1)

40.—"DIDO."

Of this tragedy, the production of JOSEPH REED, author of the "*Register Office*," Mr. NICHOLLS, in the ninth volume of his "*Literary Anecdotes*," p. 116, gives some curious particulars. He also relates an anecdote of JOHNSON concerning it, which I do not recollect to have seen elsewhere. "It happened [says he] that I was in Bolt Court on the day when Mr. HENDERSON, the justly celebrated actor, was first introduced to Dr. JOHNSON, and the conversation turning on dramatic subjects, HENDERSON asked the Doctor's opinion of '*Dido*' and its author. 'Sir,' said JOHNSON, 'I never did the man an injury, yet *he would read his tragedy to me.*'"

41.—CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT THEATRES.

During the reign of ELIZABETH plays were exhibited in the public theatres on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week. The licence granted by that Queen to JAMES BURBAGE in 1574, shews that they were then represented on that day, *out of the hours of prayer*.

(1) ROSSEAU remarks that if one supposes this possible, "*on trouvera dans cette double apparition un effet théâtral et vraiment effrayant.*" "*Un effet vraiment effrayant*" if you please, but certainly not "*théâtral.*" "I can imagine," he continues, "but one other spectacle more simple, and yet more terrible, and that is the hand-writing on the wall, at the feast of BELSHAZZAR, tracing words unknown, '*Cette seule idée fait frissonner.*'" Some persons would be far more frightened at the sight of the devil. G.

We are told by JOHN FIELD, in his "*Declaration of God's Judgement at Paris Garden*," 1583, that "about the yeere 1580, the magistrates of the city of London obtained from Queen ELIZABETH, of famous memory, that all heathenish playes and interludes should be banished upon sabbath dayes." This prohibition, however, probably lasted but for a short time; for her majesty, when she visited Oxford in 1592, did not scruple to be present at a theatrical exhibition on Sunday night, the 24th of September in that year. During the reign of JAMES the First, though dramatic entertainments were performed at court on Sundays, no play was *publicly* represented on that day; and by the statute 3 Car. I. c. 1. their exhibition on the sabbath-day was absolutely prohibited: yet, notwithstanding this act of parliament, both plays and masques (1) were performed at court on Sundays, during the first sixteen years of that king's reign; and certainly in private houses, if not on the public stage.—*Malone*.

42.—GARRICK.

The known predilection of GARRICK for the liturgy of the English church gave rise to an imposture which none of our periodical critics had sagacity enough to detect. In 1797 there appeared a pamphlet, entitled "The manner pointed out in which the Common Prayer was read in private by the late Mr. GARRICK, for the instruction of a young clergyman, from whose manuscript notes this pamphlet is composed, by J. W. ANDERSON, A.M." This production, fabricated by an unknown writer, was highly commended by a few of the reviewers, and gravely announced by all. It was sold by RIVINGTON, in St. Paul's Church Yard.

43:—PETER GARRICK

Bore a striking personal resemblance to his brother

(1) A long account and condemnation of these entertainments, may be found in a puritanical work published in defence of COLLIER in 1699, intituled, "*The Stage condemned*."

DAVID. JOHNSON, speaking of him to BOSWELL, said
 "Sir, I don't know but if PETER had cultivated all the
 arts of gaiety as DAVID has done, he might have been as
 brisk and as lively. Depend upon it, sir, vivacity is much
 an art and depends greatly on habit."

Lambeth.

GLANVILLE.

DRAMATIC PORTRAITS.

No. IV.

MR. YOUNG.

*Lines suggested on witnessing his Performance of Hamlet,
 October 1, 1821.*

BY J. W. DALBY.

Excelling artist ! well didst thou pourtray
 That stricken creature of a clouded day,
 The melancholy Dane !—his heavy grief
 Sat gracefully on thee, and mock'd relief ;
 For it was not the artificial gloom
 Some dreamers feel, and some grave fools assume,
 But a deep, single, undissembled woe,
 Which they who feel can never cease to know ;
 Which may not be put on or thrown aside
 To suit capricious whim or playful pride ;
 And though, at times, it will less potent be,
 Still latent, holds resistless mastery,
 Nor lets the subject-soul long stoop to revelry.

This was depicted well : nor with less power
 Didst thou express the terrors of that hour,
 So full of all that earthly bosoms fear,
 When thy sire's shadow pour'd into thine ear
 A tale, mysterious, horrible, and strange,
 Of wrongs it call'd upon thee to avenge :

Appall'd, yet firm ; confused, yet resolute ;
 Trusting, yet doubting ; eloquent when mute ;
 Gesture, and feature, voice, and eye, and soul
 United to effect the *glorious whole* !
 And then we felt indeed that magic flame
 Which lit a GARRICK and a COOKE to fame,
 And shall (of our own day) light more than one bright
 name !

Who, that beheld and felt, can e'er forget
 (The recollection thrills my bosom yet !)
 How, with terrific and yet chasten'd art,
 Thou didst arraign and probe a mother's heart ?
 And how proud guilt at last sank trembling down,
 Beneath the awful terrors of thy frown ?
 Oh, with what pious fondness didst thou dwell
 On thy wrong'd sire, and all his virtues tell,
 Contrasting him with that " adulterate beast,"
 Who of those virtues could not boast the least !
 Ah, well might she, whom passion lur'd to wrong,
 Awaken'd thus, own virtue's influence strong,
 And sigh that e'er she fled her votaries' peaceful
 throng !

These isolated beauties why recal ?
 Why praise in parts that which was great in all ?
 Well in this effort might the critic trace
 The princely carriage, and accomplish'd grace,
 Of *him* (till wreck'd in wild distraction's storm)
 " The glass of fashion and the mould of form ;"
 The blighted tenderness and ruin'd hope
 Of one not form'd with these deep pangs to cope ;
 His long irresolution, whose sad fate
 Was to avenge dark crimes by crimes as great,
 And *all* the beauties, though of varying hue,
 The thoughtful spirit, gen'rous, calm, and true,
 Wav'ring, yet fix'd, that warm'd the Dane our SHAKS-
 PEARRE drew !

THE COMEDY OF
 “ MATCH-BREAKING.”

MR. DRAMA,

IN your highly interesting work you have spoken in the most favourable terms of the new Haymarket comedy. Without intending to detract any thing from the real merit of the person named as author, perhaps you will allow me to mention that he has derived the plot and situations from a French comedy, acted at the second theatre Francais, under the title of “ *Le Present du Prince, ou la Second Fille de Honneur.*”

I am far from blaming your authors for borrowing, as they frequently do, from the French theatrical muse, the outline of their plot, and the most striking situations of their comedies. To reproduce, in your own language, what has pleased a foreign audience, is a real service which you render to your countrymen, at the same time that it is a kind of homage paid to foreign genius. Nobody will deny that such translations, or rather imitations, require a great deal of talent, and that it is not easy to adapt to your stage what has been originally created for the stage of another country. What I cannot help complaining of, is, that your authors do not declare openly the mine where they have dug out from ; thereby assuming to themselves the merit of originality, to which they have no right, whilst they abandon the praises which they are justly entitled to for their successful exertions in a more humble, but not less useful, part of the dramatic art.

The comedy of “ *Match-Breaking*” is not the first instance which I have found of what I am now stating. Often have I seen or heard, on the British theatres, plays or songs borrowed from the French, the prime idea of which was ascribed to English authors or composers ; and often has John Bull, with that national spirit which I praise him for, claimed in Paris, in favour of his country, the priority of invention for what English writers had originally copied from us ; thus following the example of the Spaniards,

who, after having translated "*Gil Blas*" from the French of LE SAGE, gave out that LE SAGE himself was the translator from a Spanish original!

Our French authors are obliged to be more circumspect, and whenever they imitate foreign or ancient writers, they generally declare it in the most open manner, knowing that their silence would expose them to the animadversion of the public, if the deception were to be found out. A few amongst them, who trusted on their imitations remaining undiscovered, have paid dearly for their reliance, and I can cite the instance of a composer having enjoyed at a time a great reputation on account of his borrowing from MOZART, who died broken-hearted when his reputation vanished away with the knowledge of his plagiarisms.

Mr. ETIENNE, one of our best comic authors, nearly lost the reputation which he had acquired by a very good comedy ("*Les Deux Gendres*"), because he did not confess that he was indebted for the original idea of his plot, to a miserable play, written by a jesuit, to be performed by school-boys; and certainly "*Conaxa*," the play of the jesuit, is no more to be compared with the comedy of ETIENNE than the sketches of ÆSOP are to be placed on a level with the fables of LA FONTAINE.

I hope and trust, that in a country so distinguished by an innate sense of equity, it will be felt that the inventions of a man are his property, and that they are no more to be plundered than his purse, although he be a foreigner. Your literature is certainly rich enough for you to despise enriching it at the expence of other nations. It is, besides, due in justice to those of your poets who have the genius of creation, that others do not try to dispute with them the palm, at the same time sparing themselves the trouble to fight for it.

I trust, from your impartiality, that you will be so good as to give publicity (if not to the Gallicisms) at least to the ideas conveyed in this letter, and I am, sir, sincerely your admirer,

London, Sept. 29, 1821.

A. FRENCHMAN.

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

“ ‘ The DRAMA’S *end*’—(thus said the bard whose name
Hath given the DRAMA’S *cause* to deathless fame,)
‘ Is this—to hold the mirror up to *Nature*,
Shew *Virtue* its own image—*Scorn* her feature.’ ”

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

Sept. 21.—Gerald Duval—Coronation—Monsieur Tonson.

We have little or nothing to say of this theatre, for, during the past month, the almost unprecedented attraction of the CORONATION, which has nightly overflowed the house, with the melodrama and farce, have rendered it needless for the manager to make any change whatever in his performances. He therefore continued the above pieces nightly, without any alteration, till Oct. 22, when we were presented at last with a change, and “ *Gerald Duval* ” and “ *Monsieur Tonson*,” who have been so long preying upon the vitals of public patience, at last gave way to the “ *Dramatist*,” in which Mr. ELLISTON personated *Vapid* with great vivacity. The *Coronation* succeeded, which may be said to be

“ Like a snake dragging its slow length along.”
for the 58th time, and the farce of the “ *Weathercock* ” terminated the evening. In this merry trifle Miss KELLY made her first appearance this season, as *Variella*. She appeared in excellent health and spirits, and her excellent personation of the various characters which *Variella* assumes, for the purpose of securing that most contemptible of all baubles, the heart of a fool, demanded and received the warmest approbation ; but we should have been much better pleased, if this justly admired actress, whose versatile powers can awaken our tenderest, or excite our mer-

riest feelings, had been placed in the first rank this evening, instead of being attached to the last. HARLEY'S *Tristram Fickle* was a most humorous performance.

23.—Gerald Duval—Coronation—Monsieur Tonson.

25.—Three and the Deuce—Ibid—Of Age To-morrow.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

After an interval of very short duration, re-opened for the winter season, on Monday, the 24th of September, with "*Hamlet*," and "*Undine*."

The house has undergone several very considerable improvements and embellishments, having been newly painted and decorated. In the play, Mr. YOUNG took his original part of *Hamlet*, after a long absence from the London boards. He was received with the most deafening shouts of applause, which continued for some time. He made repeated attempts to commence his part, but was again and again compelled to bow in acknowledgment for the protracted plaudits. Those who have seen Mr. YOUNG in this character can derive no novelty from any information as to his performance on this evening. His firm and well-knit figure, with its strong and gracefully curved outlines, his well-defined lineaments of face, the intelligent and musical play of his voice, the noble suavity of his deportment, his scholarly refinement and perspicacity were all displayed with an effect as full and complete as ever attended his performance; he may have added a tincture of grief to some of the more pathetic portions of the play; but in other respects he adhered closely to his former conception of it. There was, indeed, a freshness in the effect of his performance, and it was felt and acknowledged as something new, to hear the rich and glowing numbers and imagery poured forth by a voice of unlimited power, informed with the finest perceptions of intellect, and making vital those oracles of passion and feeling which are ascribed to the hero. It would be endless work to show all the marked

passages, or, indeed, any proportion of them. The applauses were as great when he fell, as those described on his entrance. Miss FOOTE appeared, for the first time, in *Ophelia*, and went through with much satisfaction to her hearers. The other parts were disposed as they have for a long time been.

26.—Pizarro—Irish Widow.

Mr. YOUNG appeared as *Rolla*. He sustained the varied struggle of feeling to which the hero is doomed, with perfect grace and power, according to the exigencies of the scene, whether it lay in glorious contention with his country's foe, or in the still more glorious strife of generosity, by which he devotes his love-lorn life to redeem the happiness of her whose charms have taken all sense of joy from it. In short, this most amiable and unfortunate of all heroes, (romantic or historical) never had so accomplished a representative as Mr. YOUNG. The after-piece (not performed here these twenty years) introduced a young lady as the *Widow Brady*. Her stature is short, and voice weak for so large a building; but she is graceful and sprightly, and assumed a very genuine brogue. She acquitted herself with great credit and success in settling the preliminaries of the duel with *Whittle* [EMERY], and in the song at the conclusion.

28.—Beaux Stratagem—Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp.

This sparkling, but in many respects licentious, comedy of FARQUHAR was performed this evening, introducing a Mr. MEADOWS to a London audience. FARQUHAR belonged to that class of wits who disdain to submit the effervescence of their imaginations to the chastening influence of decorum and delicacy. The dramatic taste of the age in which he wrote had not emerged from the cloud of grossness and obscenity, by which it was enveloped during the reign of the Second CHARLES. COLLIER laboured strenuously to correct this evil, and his labours were not fruitless. His efforts materially assisted in driving immorality from the stage. A new species of drama, half-way between tragedy and comedy, gradually gained ground; its distress not deep enough for the tragic; its humour not sufficiently pungent for the comic muse. STEELE was one of the prin-

principal artists in this style of writing which has been very generally cultivated since his time, to the almost utter extinction of genuine comedy. We have had, however, some admirable exceptions: GOLDSMITH has shown that *strong humour* is perfectly compatible with *decency*; and, at a later period, the comedies of SHERIDAN have proved that *refined wit* may go hand in hand with *refined delicacy*.

Mr. MEADOWS's *Scrub* was a truly whimsical piece of acting. He appears to have imbibed the true spirit of comedy, from practice and shrewd observation, as well as by descent and lineage, for he comes of a true stage stock, his family having contributed to the delights of the theatre for one or more generations. (1) His best scenes were, his narrative to the ladies of the discoveries he had made respecting the strangers, and his announcement of the visit of the robbers; in the latter, his agony of fright was most ludicrous, and though a vehicle for very ordinary gesticulation, he enriched it in a manner highly creditable to his discernment. His stature is of the middle order, and of rather slight dimensions. His reception was highly gratifying. We have no room to specify the other performers.

Oct. 1.—Hamlet—Undine.

3.—Rob Roy Macgregor—Rendezvous—Tom Thumb.

Mr. YATES played *Rob Roy*, (owing to the absence of Mr. MACREADY) and Miss HALLANDE *Diana Vernon*, with great credit.

5.—The Stranger—Blue Beard; or, Female Curiosity.

Mr. YOUNG was the *Stranger*. The merits of his performance are well known. Such as its excellencies were in former years, the same they still remain; the only perceptible variation of its style consisting in the softening down, in a slight degree, of the petulance and asperity of his misanthropy, which gave it more of the semblance of a deep-rooted and corroding grief. Mr. MEADOWS, in *Peter*, made good his claim to the favour his previous performance had obtained him. The part of *Mrs. Haller*, was sustained by Mrs. BRUDENELL, the lady who played *Belvi-*

(1) He is the son of Mr. MEADOWS, formerly a favourite comedian at the Haymarket.

dora, at the Haymarket. Her conception of the part was, throughout, correct; and her execution generally good. In the more pathetic scenes she chiefly excelled; and the anguish which accompanied the disclosure of her situation to the Countess [Mrs. FAUCIT], was finely given. The romance of "*Blue Beard*" was revived with the utmost splendour.

8.—Hamlet—Undine.

10.—Antiquary—Blue Beard.

12.—Stranger—Ibid.

15.—Hamlet—Undine.

17.—Exile—Lying Valet.

The opera of "*The Exile*," founded on Mad. COTTIN's well-known novel, was this evening reproduced in a very altered state. When this dramatic romance (for so the piece ought to be denominated) was originally brought out, three acts of fustian, stale jests, and antient tricks, were deemed quite sufficient to satiate any audience. But the proprietors, calling to mind the immense profits which Drury Lane has derived from the Coronation of a *King*, determined that Covent Garden should present a spectacle somewhat *more rare*—the Coronation of a *Queen*, and to make room for the splendour appertaining to that exhibition a fourth act has been added to the drama. The crowded state of the theatre proved incontestibly that the love of mere glitter is not on the wane.

"Another and another still succeeds,

And the last *show* is welcome as the former."

Before we notice the procession, it is proper we should speak of those who were not the *automata* of the evening, although it must be admitted, that the individuals who were decked in party-coloured robes, and bearing gorgeous banners, seemed to receive a greater share of applause than those who were more rationally employed. In the cast of characters, the greatest novelty was the *Katharine* of Mrs. TENNANT, who made her first appearance (from the Adelphi). But we do not think this, either as a *singing* or *acting* character, was well selected for the exhibition of Mrs. T.'s powers. *Katharine* is an arch lively girl; Mrs. T. as an actress, is inclined to the grave and sombre. As

a singer, her qualifications are pleasing, but confined. Her style and voice are well adapted to ballad airs, in the execution of which, simplicity not science, nor powers, are required. The music attached to the part of *Katharine* is not of this description. The second air is quite in the *bravura* style, involving several passages of difficult execution. She succeeded much better in her first air, "*The monkey who had seen the world,*" and in her *duet* with DURUSET, who made but an indifferent *Count Calmar*. Her reception altogether was very gratifying. Mr. YOUNG resumed his part of *Daran*, and renewed the warrant of approbation so cordially and constantly yielded to him by the public heretofore. He gave the character every possible effect. But his genius is more congenially exercised in expounding the mighty excellencies of SHAKSPEARE'S pen, than in aiding by his masterly elocution the impoverished wordiness of less gifted authors. The *Governor of Siberia*, is a meagre character, without humour and without nature; its insipidity was, however, relieved by the excellent acting of Mr. FARREN. LISTON filled up the part of *Altradorff* with a perfection of humour excelling any thing yet done by him. FAWCETT'S *Servits* has been before seen and admired. Miss FOOTE and Mrs. VINING personated *Alexina* and *Sedona* in a pleasing manner. We now come to the grand spectacle of the public entry of the *Empress Elizabeth* into Moscow. The stage represents a triumphal arch, through which proceeds troops of foot and horse, ministers of the empire, foreign ministers and their suites, clothed according to the costume of their respective countries. The Chinese ambassadors and deputy from Tartary, mounted on "barbed steeds;" then follows *Elizabeth* [Mrs. FAUCIT], in a triumphal car, drawn by six horses, gorgeously caparisoned, escorted by the body guard in full uniform. The scene then changes to the exterior of the cathedral, into which the procession enters. The interior is then displayed, with the ceremony of the coronation. This scene certainly lacked the magnificence of the Westminster Abbey and Hall scenes at the other house. Another scene, which would have been much wondered at but for the preceding ones, was the departure of the exiles from Siberia, with an escort of laneers, and the whole po-

pulation of the neighbourhood scattered in groupes over the whole distance, which, by the astonishing contrivance of the machinist, is made to represent the acclivities and passes of the mountains to almost indefinite perspective. In the foreground the exile groupe is seen, in a sledge drawn by rein deer, which is the signal for the fall of the curtain. The view of the Wolga, by moonlight, and a general picture of Moscow are extremely beautiful.

18.—Ibid—Love, Law, and Physic.

19.—Ibid—Husbands and Wives.

20.—Ibid—Padlock.

22.—Ibid—Ibid.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Oct. 10.—“*Rob Roy*,” was produced (first time here), this evening, and was got up in admirable style. Mr. TERRY performed the outlaw chief most excellently. His sententious elocution is particularly well suited to the character, which is further aided by the hard and manly lineaments of his face. His method of dressing it was new, and highly characteristic, perfectly suitable to the name he bears, *Rob Roy* (the red). This, we think, was forgotten by Mr. MACREADY. Mr. TAYLEURE’S *Baillie Nicol Jarvie* was a very gratifying exhibition, although we must own we felt somewhat surprised at not finding Mr. OXBERRY announced for the part. Mr. J. RUSSELL showed himself off to great advantage in enacting the mute and mysterious cunning of the “*Creature*” *Dougal*. The musical parts, those of *Diana Vernon* and *Francis Osbaldistone*, were very ably sustained by Mr. LEE and Miss CAREW. The last duet was admirably sung, and Mr. LEE was rapturously encored in “*My love is like the red red rose*.” Mrs. H. JOHNSTON’S *Helen* was but middling; her ranting and screaming did not please us. *Sir Fred. Vernon* and *Rashleigh* were respectably supported by Mr. YOUNGER and Mr. BAKER. Mr. DECAMP’S personation of the “*swaggering blade*,” *Major Galbraith*, was the acmé of comic effect. His method of blustering up and down the stage produced reiterated peals of laughter and applause; the

the scene between him and the *Bailie*, in which the *poker* is brought into requisition, was exquisitely whimsical; and the concluding "*Auld lang syne*" was repeated a second time, with thunders of approbation. The scenes were upon a scale of great liberality, and were well executed, particularly the bridge and view of Glasgow by moonlight, and the College Grounds at Glasgow.

18.—"*Every one has his Fault*."—This comedy introduced a new actor, named JOHNSON, in the part of *Sir Robert Ramble*. His figure is light and his speech is articulate. He performed the part with gaiety, and seems to have a quick apprehension of pleasantry, but not a very polite one; his movements and changes of attitudes are too quick and tortuous—his postures shew too many angles, and the self-possession of his manners does not seem like the result of an intimacy with people of quality. He however hid his defects by his vivacity, and, upon the whole, made a favourable impression. Mr. TERRY performed the part of *Harmony*, and played off the elegant philanthropy of it with admirable effect. Mr. OXBERRY, as *Solus*, neglected no opportunity for the display of his comic powers. Mr. CONWAY played *Irwin* in the most chaste and natural manner. His request to *Harmony*, respecting his wife and children, when he is meditating self-destruction, was a climax of pathetic excellence. Mrs. CHATTERLEY, as *Lady Eleanor Irwin*, was, as usual, excellent. The scene between her, her father, and her child, was very fine. The piece went off admirably, and nothing could surpass the deep and anxious interest felt by the audience in the scene when *Harmony* tries the temper of the groupe by feigning the death of *Irwin*.

23.—"*The Beggars' Opera*."—A young lady of the name of BLAKE made her first appearance as *Capt. Macheath*; newspaper report speaks highly of her performance. She was well received.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Want of room in our last compelled us to omit our notice of "*A Cure for Coxcombs*," produced on the 30th of August.

This is a very amusing *bagatelle*. The plot turns on the inordinate vanity of young *Easel* [WRENCH], a fop, who imagines that every woman who treats him with civility feels a *tendresse* for his person. This Adonis has been sent by his friends in the country to study the law ; but as playhouses and taverns have a greater charm than inns of court, he soon dissipates his allowance, and endeavours to subsist by practising as a portrait-painter. In this capacity he procures admittance into the house of *Mr. Trustall* [ROWBOTHAM], during the absence of the master, and mistaking the politeness of *Mrs. Trustall* for violent affection, he makes himself ridiculous by the fustian he pours forth, in order to prove to the lady that her supposed tenderness is not thrown away. The lady is piqued at his presumption, and determines, if possible, to "*cure the Coxcomb*." On the return of her husband, she contrives to have *Easel* placed in an apartment where he must hear all that passes between her and her spouse. She then describes all that had occurred, and expresses her utter contempt for the popinjay, who had attempted to insinuate himself into her good graces, and insinuates that she has *in petto*, a pleasant revenge. This is one of the best scenes in the piece. The situation of *Easel*, who expected to have heard himself described as a paragon of perfection, but who is assailed by the most contemptuous epithets, is extremely comic. The arrival of *Habeas*, the uncle of *Easel*, who, not having heard from his nephew for some time, has come to town in search of him, forms the *acmé* of his misfortunes. He is suffered to emerge from his imprisonment, and thoroughly humbled, he declares his determination to think less highly of himself, and more favourably of the female character for the future. The characters are neatly drawn ; that of *Adam*, a bewailer of the good old times that are past, is excellent, and was well supported by WILKINSON. He sang a good comic song with the most humorous effect. The dialogue did not aspire to the dignity of wit ; but,

" Armed with light points, antitheses, and puns,"

it pleased us by its cheerfulness and vivacity. The piece

went off exceedingly well. It is the production of Mr. BEAZLEY.

This was the last novelty of a season which we are sorry to say was not by any means a lucrative one. The house closed on the 27th of September, with the following address spoken by Mr. BARTLEY.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Our short season is this evening brought to a close. The aggressions of the larger establishments have this year reached their climax, since Drury-lane Theatre has continued open during the whole of the limited period allotted to our performances, and thereby deprived us even of the slender harvest which on former occasions we had been allowed to reap. How far the wisdom of Government may deem it fitting to allow of their gradual encroachments on the Summer Theatres, or may condescend to take an interest in the fate of those public amusements, is beyond our power at present to ascertain; though, under all the circumstances, we may be allowed to indulge a reasonable hope of speedy and effectual relief.

"The Proprietor, Ladies and Gentlemen, begs leave to offer, through me, his grateful acknowledgments for the share of patronage he has received. It has been far greater than, under the oppressive difficulties he has had to contend with, he could reasonably have hoped for; and it will not, he trusts, be deemed an idle boast, when he reminds you of the great and flattering success which has attended every novelty, without exception, that has been brought forward for your entertainment. Our exertions, Ladies and Gentlemen, will be redoubled to ensure a continuance of your favour, when we are permitted to meet again; and in the mean time, in the name of the Proprietor, of all the Performers, and in my own, I respectfully thank and bid you farewell."

MINOR DRAMA.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

This house opened for the season on Monday, Oct. 2. It has been tastefully decorated, of which written descrip-

tion would convey but a faint idea. The first piece was a new one, from the pen of Mr. PLANCHE, called "*Capers at Canterbury*." It is very similar to a piece called "*Stopped at Rochester*," produced at Covent Garden last season (1). Like that, the plot consists in the project of substituting one lover for another in the nuptials of a young and marriageable lady, *Miss Sophia Huckaback* [Miss E. PITT, from the Surrey]. The chief agent in operating the exchange of her suitors was a *Capt. Somerville*, whose address and activity in bringing it about were laughably set forth by WRENCH. *Jacob Gogram*, the ill-starred wooer of the lady, found an excellent representative in WILKINSON. The servant *Jenny*, who aids and abets this scheme, was performed by Mrs. BRYAN with much spirit. There were two other servants also engaged in the piece, *Dash* [KENLEY], and *Brian O'Boggie* [CALLAHAN], who contributed, one by blundering and the other by his adroit expedients, to the fulfilment of the plot. It need scarcely be said that they both acquitted themselves well. *Lawyers Clacket* [BUCKINGHAM, from ASTLEY'S,] and *Clause* [by DALY], ought also to be mentioned, for the full share of well contrasted humour which they furnished towards the success of the whole. The piece was accompanied with almost unceasing laughter. The lively interlude of "*Half an Hour's Courtship*" followed, which was succeeded by the excellent pantomime of the "*FAIRY OF THE NORTH STAR, or Harlequin at Labrador*," which went off with its usual effect.

8.—*BRUNO, or the Sultan's Favourite*.—This "*Parciell Burletta*," as it is termed, is a spirited translation of a lively trifle produced last season at the French Theatre in Argyle Street. The subject is the death of a favourite white bear of the grand sultan (who is possessed with a mania for learned animals), and the tricks of his minister, aided by a pair of strolling English exhibitors of wild beasts, to conceal from his knowledge the loss of his favourite, through a dread of the consequences of his rage at the discovery of that event. The bustling activity of WRENCH, the dry humour of WILKINSON, and the whim-

(1) Vide page 48.

sical unconsciousness of KEELEY, who share the burden of the action, contribute mainly to the success of the piece. There is some very graceful and pretty dancing introduced by Mr. ST. ALBIN, Miss SIMPSON, and Miss GARBOIS.

22. "*The Corsair's Bride*."—The story of this melo drama is founded on that well-known Venetian tale of "*Giovanni Soggarro*," the names of the characters being changed, and a few of the most powerful incidents and most striking situations being selected, and so brought together as to reduce the time of the action nearer to the limits which the laws of this species of composition prescribe.—The fable, as it now stands, is this:—

Count Lorenzo [BURROUGHS] (the son of a Sicilian nobleman, proscribed and outlawed on suspicion of treasonable practices,) having fallen into the power of a formidable band of pirates, who infest the shores of the Mediterranean, at the moment when their leader was slain in fight, is fixed upon by them to succeed him in the command, and in the hope of being able to effect some good by restraining their excesses within a more circumscribed range than had hitherto bounded them, consents to take upon himself the office, with the name of the fallen outlaw, upon whose head a price has been set by every state in Italy. In order to procure the intelligence necessary to enable him to plan and direct the operations of the band with effect, he travels about disguised as Count Vicenza, a Florentine nobleman, and under that name obtains the affections of Emilia [Miss E. PITT], the daughter of the Duke of Bentivoglio [DALY], and her father's consent to their marriage, which is on the eve of celebration, when, stung by remorse, and urged by the sincerity of his attachment, he resolves to disclose the adventures of his life to the object of his adoration. Spoiletti [WAYLETT], the lieutenant of the band, suspects Lorenzo of an intention to betray them, and determines to defeat his purpose by carrying off Emilia, and causing Count Vicenza to be arrested as the corsair Spalatro, and the business of the piece consists in the schemes and endeavours of Spoiletti to effect that object, and in the exertions of Lorenzo and his attendant Ludovico [BUCKINGHAM] to defeat his design, in which they ultimately succeed, by a decree

of the *Viceroy* reversing the outlawry of *Lorenzo*, and pardoning the crimes of *Spalatro*, in consideration of the services rendered to the state by *Vicenza*. There is a little underplot, sketched with some humour, of the awkward addresses of *Jeronimo* [WILKINSON], a foolish and antiquated major domo to the Duchess's waiting-maid *Floretta* [Mrs. BRYAN], which, after coquetting some time, she rejects in favour of the *Count's* attendant *Ludovico*. Mr. BURROUGHS played the *Count* with considerable judgment and feeling, and Mr. WILKINSON's performance was humorous, rich, and chastened. Messrs. CALLAHAN and BELLAMY sung most admirably a very pleasing duet. The scenery is pretty.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

"The capability and willingness of the inhabitants of the eastern extremity of the metropolis to support and encourage a theatre conducted with adequate liberality and good taste, having been most flatteringly expressed to the proprietor of the *Cobourg*, he has, at the express invitation of several of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants, become proprietor of the *Royalty*, with a determination of producing there a series of dramatic entertainments, fully equal, in every particular of taste, effect, and splendour, to those honoured with so unlimited a degree of the public patronage and applause at the *Cobourg*: with this view he has entirely re-modelled the interior of the theatre in a style of magnificence not surpassed by any theatre in Europe." So far Mr. GLOSSOP. We have visited the theatre, and the alterations which have been effected certainly somewhat surprized us. The house is truly beautiful; the burnished gold ornaments and decorations are of the most elegant and tasteful kind, and the scenery and dresses almost exceed those which have rendered the *Cobourg* Theatre so celebrated. In fact, Mr. GLOSSOP (aided by those "wonderful" actors, Mr. H. KENWLE, Mr. GOMERSALL, Mr. GALLOT, Mr. ANDERTON, and some others, "noted in the rank of mighty men,") has perfectly "astonished the natives" of Rag Fair, Rosemary Lane, Tower Hill, Wapping, and Wellclose Square. The man-

ger, well aware of the company he had to deal with, opened with a gallimaufry, calculated to please the palates of all his customers; he therefore presented them with "*The Sailor's Frolic*," which set the tars of "*Wapping Old Stairs*" in ecstasies; after which, came "*El Hyder*," with all its paraphernalia of "gun, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder;" and the whole concluded with a treat for the "*Mr. Sholomons of Duke's Place*"—"The Benevolent Jew." This, we must confess, was judicious, and it appears he is likely to reap the benefits of his prudence, the house having been as yet nightly crowded to the very ceiling. Mr. H. KEMBLE played *El Hyder* in excellent style, and was admirably well supported by Mr. GOMERSALL, as the *Rajah Hamet*. Mr. DAVIS, who played *Abensellah*, the governor of the harem, should not be so lavish of his "*damns*;" he is not a bad actor, and has therefore no occasion to depend on those low methods of gaining applause. Mr. SLADER, as *Mat Mizen*, merited and received great approbation. His portraiture of the rough hardy tar was true to nature. Of Mrs. DAVIDGE's performance of the *Midshipman* we can say nothing favourable; we recollect seeing Mrs. BARRYMORE play the character. The other performers are not worth notice. The scenery most entitled to commendation were *Pavillion and Banyan Wood* [KIRBY], *Bridge and Cataract* [MORRIS], *Extensive Military Position* [TOMKINS], and the *Citadel by Moonlight*; the whole of this scene was extremely well managed, and the springing of a mine, with the burning ruins, had a fine effect. We sincerely trust, the spirited proprietor will reap a golden harvest—a reward which his liberality and taste so well entitle him to.

COBBOURG THEATRE.

Since our last notice of this house, the benefits have taken place, and the managers, imitating their brethren "of a larger growth," closed their summer season on Friday, the 12th instant, and commenced for the winter campaign on the Monday following.—The novelties have been:—

"The RED DÆMON of the HARZ FOREST, or the Three Charcoal Burners." This piece is founded on an episode in the popular novel of "*The Antiquary*." *Martin Waldeck* [H. KEMBLE], a poor charcoal burner, is smitten with the beauty of *Angela* [Mrs. SHEPPARD], daughter to the *Baron Strulhausen* [CORDELL.] The inferiority of birth and rank prevents him from making known his passion, which, though unwillingly smothered, preys upon his peace, and destroys his rest. Riches are the only means by which he can obtain the object of his desires. The *Red Dæmon* [BRADLEY], who presides over the Harz Forest, promises *Martin* unbounded wealth, on his swearing to sacrifice the blood of a female every month upon his altar. *Martin* consents, returns to his labour, and drawing (as he supposes) charcoal from the furnace, finds it converted into bars of gold. The *Baron*, by unforeseen misfortunes, is obliged to sell his estates, and *Martin* becomes the purchaser; he makes an offer of his hand to *Angela*; she rejects him with scorn. Previous to this period, *Alured*, the *Baron's* son, has deserted from his regiment, and flies to his father's castle. *Martin*, in revenge for *Angela's* slight, vows to denounce both father and son to the government, the one as a deserter, the other for harbouring him, unless the lady consents to be his. She, in order to save her father and brother, receives his addresses. The night previous to the nuptials the *Dæmon of the Forest* claims her blood. *Waldeck* is horrorstruck at sacrificing his intended bride. The *Dæmon* persists; *Martin* lures *Angela* to a gloomy cavern, where, hesitating between his love for *Angela* and his vow to the *Dæmon*, the fatal hour strikes, and *Martin* expiates his crime by falling himself a victim to the *Red Dæmon*. This piece is replete with interest; it is of the same description as the celebrated "*Wood Dæmon*" of MONK LEWIS. The scenery is very grand, particularly the burning forest; the sudden appearance of the *Dæmon*, and his disappearance with *Martin* were also well managed.

"WILL BLORE, the Bandit of the Blind Mine." This piece is founded on facts. A melo-drama of the same kind, called "*Grey, the Collier*," was last season brought out at the Olympic. During the period, in the seventeenth cen-

tury, when discontent so much prevailed in the north of England, *Blorc* [ROWBOTHAM], at the head of a considerable band of miners, committed every species of depredation that chance permitted, to the annoyance of the military who were dispatched to quell the disturbances; it was found necessary to try such offenders by martial law, and, if proved guilty, to carry the sentence of death into immediate execution. *Blorc*, the bandit, failing to obtain the hand of *Ella*, the daughter of *Farmer Harworth*, determined to deprive the father of his child, and with *Lawless* [BRADLEY], his confidant, repairs to the *Farmer's* cottage at midnight, where an officer, *Lieut. Altham* [BLANCHARD], overtaken by a storm on his road to his regiment, had taken shelter. *Blorc* gains admission, and stabs the farmer's guest, whom he conveys to the mine, in which, after gaining possession of *Ella*, she is also confined. *Blorc's* next consideration is to charge *Harworth* with the murder; his villainy succeeds, and at the moment the *Farmer*, from the overwhelming proof of the gang, is about to be sacrificed, *Ella* and *Altham* (having miraculously escaped from the mine) rush in: *Blorc's* villainy is discovered, the *Farmer* saved, and the gang extirpated. This is an interesting piece, and the escape of *Altham* and *Ella* from the mine well managed. Mr. ROWBOTHAM (from the English Opera House) made his first appearance as *Will Blorc*, but we think these ferocious kind of characters not well suited to his powers. BRADLEY's *Lawless* was a true picture of a daring bandit, and the combat between him and *Altham*, in the mine, was the most dexterous stage struggle we ever witnessed.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

A new afterpiece was produced here on Tuesday night (18th Sept.) entitled "An entire new local Drama, called 'IRISH LOYALTY; or, *The King in Dublin*,'" and, according to the words of the bill, "the piece to conclude with a grand pageant and banquet, at which the national anthem, 'God save the King,' will be sung by the whole of the company." The curtain rose, and dis-

played the usual parade of a grand procession; but the performers were instantly assailed by the most appalling vocal interruption from every part of the theatre. This obstruction became more vehement in consequence of a few dissentient voices being raised against the general feelings of the audience; but the performers were in a few minutes compelled to abandon the procession, and attempt to stifle the overwhelming opposition by the display of the "*grand pageant and banquet*," which certainly presented a very shewy scene. His Majesty was represented at the head of a finely illuminated state chamber, seated at a table covered with cloth of gold and decorated with the usual insignia. The moment this banquet scene was opened, the gorgeous display appeared only to add fuel to the flame, and the uproar became so deafening that the curtain was necessarily dropped, and the piece abruptly concluded. The house was so full, that, during the equestrian performances, the crowd which had previously occupied the circus was with difficulty accommodated on the stage. The manager hit the taste of the public much better in his next production, which he founded on and named after PIERCE EGAN's celebrated "*LIFE IN LONDON; or, the Adventures of Tom and Jerry, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis*." The success of this piece was so great that it induced Mr. ASTLEY to keep his theatre open near a fortnight later than his usual period of closing. The day and night scenes were excellent; particularly the views of *Tattersal's*, *Vauxhall Gardens* illuminated, and *Temple Bar* by moonlight, in which scene a "*night spree*," or street row, was introduced, and most whimsically managed. The drunken "*Charleys*," "*Jarvys*," pickpockets, link-boys, and all the fraternity of scavengers, dust-men, &c. mixing in the "*glorious fray*," with the leading of *Tom and Jerry* to the watch-house, had a very laughable effect.

"*The Blood Red Knight*," and the "*Siege of London-derry*," have been played alternately as afterpieces. Mr. GOMERSALL, as the *Knight*, "*on whose frown death and terror await*," was very excellent. The last scene was a matchless specimen of scenic magnificence; the fortress is assaulted by a body of horse and foot, and similarly de-

fended. The assailants ford the moat, gallop over the breaking bridge, from which a party of their opponents are precipitated into the water, and, having fired the castle, an impressive *tableau* is formed by conquered men and dying horses; the effect, in despite of our admiration, we are unable to describe. The house closed on the 11th instant, after the most successful season it has known for years past. This we are happy to observe; for the theatre is intitled, through all its departments, to a high rank in the public estimation, and we cheerfully seize the present occasion of making our acknowledgments to Mr. W. BARRYMORE, for the spirit and taste which has characterized his management for the past season.

WEST LONDON THEATRE.

Has been opened by Mr. AMHURST, with a very good company, among whom Mr. HUNTLEY stands conspicuous. We are somewhat sorry to see he has left his old quarters. The house has been very elegantly fitted up; but the pieces as yet produced have wanted the charm of novelty to recommend them forcibly to public notice; they have been merely copies from the Surrey and other theatres, as "THE FUNERAL PILE, or *The Indian Sacrifice*;" "BERTRAM, or *The Castle of St. Aldobrand*," and a piece founded on Major PARLBY's celebrated "*Revenge*," called "*The Novice of St. Mark's*." Mr. HUNTLEY's performance of the *Abbot Angelo* (in this piece, at the Surrey,) will never be forgotten by those who have witnessed it. We consider it to be his master piece. We are promised a very splendid piece, taken from the "*Ædipus Tyrannus*" of SOPHOCLES. We will endeavour to notice it in our next.

COUNTRY THEATRICALS.

BODMIN THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

During the assize week, the Penzance company have performed here "*She Stoops to Conquer*," "*Thérèse*," and

various other pieces. The theatre is a most miserable edifice, in wretched repair, having recently been converted from a stable, and the company are well worthy of it, with the exception of a Mr. DAWSON, jun. who sustains the principal characters in low comedy, and Mrs. OSBALDISTON, in Mrs. DAVISON's line; the remainder are wretched in the extreme. Three youths (with violins in their hands, upon which they cannot play,) form the orchestra, and the scenery and dresses are of the worst description. The house has been very indifferently attended.

Bodmin, Sept. 1.

RUMBO DICK.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE.

MR. DRAMA,

"*The Vicar of Wakefield*," "*The Green Man*," "*Zem-bucca*," "*Fontainebleau*," and "*Rob Roy*" have been produced here with great success. "*The Green Man*," in particular, in a very superior style, with new and appropriate dresses. The town can boast of a very pretty little theatre, with very good scenery. The principal performers are, Mr. C. CRISP (the manager), Messrs. WOULDs, THOMPSON, SHUTER, VALE, VINING, and EDWARD VINING. Very few words will suffice as to their merits. Mr. CRISP is a kind of portly walking gentleman, always respectable, but never above mediocrity. His *Mr. Green*, *Lackland*, and *Rob Roy*, are all the same. Mr. WOULDs, is a very good and useful actor in comedy, and in such characters as *Tom Shuffleton* perhaps without an equal on the provincial boards. Mr. THOMPSON, in old men, and Mr. SHUTER, in blustering parts and bullies, such as *Captain Rattan*, *Major Sturgeon*, and *Major Galbraith*, are very efficient. With Mr. VALE our readers are no doubt well acquainted, having had so many opportunities of seeing him at the Olympic last season. Mr. VINING would suit the dark shade pretty well if he would leave off the extravagant habit of clasping his hands together, in order to make a sound like a clap of thunder, and stamping with all his might and main, to wear out the stage; his brother EDWARD is a very indifferent singer, and wretched actor. The less that is said of the remainder

of the gentlemen the better. Of the ladies, Mrs. WOULDs, in Miss KELLY's line, and Miss POOLE, in genteel comedy, are unquestionably the best. The propriety of stage costume is very ill attended to by the manager; in short, it is disgraceful. In *Rob Roy*, for instance, the great man himself, as the bold chieftain, swaggered about in a Roman helmet, with about half a yard of plaid tied round his body for a scarf, and his followers were elegantly trimmed out (can you believe it possible!) in Russia duck trowsers and frock coats, with spears about five yards long. If they had only applied a pair of spurs to their boots, *Rob Roy's* band might well be termed Scotch dandies. I truly hope that shameful negligence, so disgraceful to the manager and derogatory to the dignity of the stage, will shortly be abolished.

Cheltenham, Sept. 10, 1821.

S.E.D.

TOWN TALK.—No. II.

"I can assure you it is quite the *Town Talk* and
Chit chat of all the scandal mongers of the metropolis."

"*The Step Mother*," Act I.

It is not generally known, that the celebrated BELZONI, the traveller, is the gigantic individual, who, some years ago, under the appellation of the "*Patagonian Sampson*," exhibited at Sadler's Wells, and was one of the members of Mr. GYNGELL's company.

KING'S THEATRE.—It is believed, that M. VALLABREQUE (husband of CATALANI) has been engaged, together with another gentleman deeply interested in the theatrical prosperity of London, in a negotiation for the Opera House next year.—*London Mag.* No. 21.

Some how or other actors and actresses generally contrive, like cowards, "*to die many times before their death*." We recollect hearing once that Mr. KEMBLE was no more—but on going to Covent Garden the same evening, the first person we met coming out of the box we were entering, was Mr. KEMBLE himself! A few

months ago Madame CATALANI was dead in Italy; now she is singing in England! Some time after, Madame FODOR had breathed her last in excruciating agonies by drinking vinegar to keep down her shape—only a few days had elapsed, till it was announced, that she was warbling at Paris, without a thought either of death or vinegar. A few weeks ago, Miss BYRNE, the singer, died in Dublin—a day or two after we hear from the *Dublin Evening Post*, that though not dead, she is as angelic as ever! And another paper, perhaps the sly journalist that first published her decease, instead of noticing her singing, says, he is “happy to see Miss B. is recovering from her late severe indisposition”—an indisposition of which, perhaps, she herself never so much as dreamt.

Miss WILSON has appeared at the Edinburgh Theatre in the part of Clara, in “*The Duenna*,” which she sustained so successfully, as to induce a repetition of that performance, notwithstanding “*Artaxerxes*” had been announced for the occasion, it being the last night but one of her engagement.

JOHNSTONE took his final leave of the stage on Friday, the 24th Aug. at Liverpool, and after playing *Sir Lucius O’Trigger* and *Paddy O’Rafferty*, spoke an address written for the occasion by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Little CLARA FISHER has been the attraction of the Scarborough Theatre.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.—MRS. HORNBY, the Authoress, who styles herself a lineal descendant of SHAKSPEARE, and who till lately occupied the house in which he was born, has lately been ejected by the owner. She circulated handbills on the occasion, stating her rent having been raised from £10 to £40 per annum, she was obliged to quit; but that she had taken up her residence in an opposite house, carrying with her the relics of her great ancestor, and hoped therefore to be still favoured with visits from the curious. The poet’s house is now occupied by a butcher, who is on the look out for a new collection of relics, and attends all the sales of furniture that occur, in order to meet with a set to his mind.

It is generally reported in the dramatic circles, that Lord BYRON is at present preparing a new Tragedy for publica-

tion, to be entitled "*GRISELDA ; or, the Treacherous Stepmother*"—and the first part of that Tragedy is now in the hands of his publisher, Mr. MURRAY of Albemarle-street.

MATHEWS is so much "*At Home*" wherever he goes, that he may be said to *carry his house upon his back*; he has been exhibiting his eccentric elementary treat of *Air, Earth, and Water*, to the good people of Doncaster and Derby.

The Dublin Theatre closed for the season on Tuesday, 18th of September, with an Address spoken on the occasion by Mr. FARREN. It promises several improvements in the recess, and boasts that there, for the first time in an Irish Theatre, has a revered and gracious Monarch received the enthusiastic and affectionate greetings of a loyal people.

LITTLE NEWTON, late of the Bristol theatre, is at present manager of the theatre at the Isle of Man, where his daughter, about ten years of age, has astonished "*the natives*" by her performance of *Richard the Third*.

ROSSINI's opera of "*La Gazza Ladra*" was performed at the opera in Paris, on the 13th inst., for the benefit of Mad. MAINVILLE FODOR, who sustained the character of the servant. GALLE made his *debut* in the character of the *Father*.

Mr. T. PHILLIPS, late of Covent-garden Theatre, and Mrs. PHILLIPS, sailed on the 1st instant in the *Albion* Liverpool packet, for New York, with Mr. PRICE, the proprietor of the Theatre in that city, who had been several months in England on professional business. Mr. PRICE has also carried with him Mr. KENT and Mr. COWELL, of the London Theatres; and a young lady of great vocal promise from Dublin. Mr. PRICE also made large wardrobe purchases, and means on his arrival in America, to bring out *The Coronation*, formed upon the models exhibited at Drury-lane and Covent-garden.

MATHEWS AT HOME!—A TOLERABLE HOAX.—A trick, we understand, was some time ago practised on a member of our "*modern Athenians*," which is perfectly pardonable if it were only on account of the palpability of the deceit. The spurious MATHEWS hired a room, to which, by a very imperfect imitation of the puffing of his prototype, he attracted a select party to witness his *Budget of Budgets*. The great actor, having taken precautions to secure the money

received at the door, commenced the exhibition of his comic powers, which, before half concluded, was deemed so intolerable as to occasion a very sensible manifestation of dissatisfaction in the gulled spectators. A row was the first improvement on the fun; and the sport was terminated by the entrance of a posse of police-officers, who secured the MATHEWS, who appeared to think the protection thus timely afforded very desirable. Observe what follows: *Exeunt omnes—Messieurs the Police, Monsieur the MATHEWS, and son cher de'argent.* He was followed by a crowd of his patrons to the police-office, where he remained for protection during the night. He was the next morning brought up to the bar, and, there being no charge against him, after being questioned by the Magistrate, he was discharged.—*Edinburgh Star.*

ASHTON THEATRE.—On paying a visit to the Theatre of Ashton-under-Line, a stranger would think that he had mistaken the scene of amusement. At the front of the entrance is observed in great characters the following quotation from the scripture, "*Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Come and See!*" The reason of this profane application of scripture, is said to be, that the building had been originally erected for a methodist conventicle; and that the theatrical manager, upon the premises being converted to their present purposes, thought the above an equally excellent invitation to his customers.

NELL GWYNNE's house in St. James's Square, has lately been modernized, a balcony added to the front of the withdrawing room, and a portico erected.

Mr. JONES, the old patentee of the Theatre in Crow Street, Dublin, having presented a petition to the King, praying to be granted a new patent for re-opening that house, his Majesty referred it to the Irish Government.

Lord BYRON's tragedy of "*Marino Falieri*," has been translated into French verse, by Mons. GOSSE, and was played at the Theatre Français, Tuesday 2nd October, but with still less success than in this country. The hissing began at an early period of the play. In a short time, it was mingled with bursts of laughter, and the curtain fell at the reiterated command of the audience before two-thirds of the performance had been completed.

T. & I. Elvey, Printers, Castle Street, Holborn.

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